FUTURE OF THE L. A. W.

RAPID DISINTERGATION PRE-DICTED BY AN EX-OFFICIAL.

Riders of the Present Day Want to See Professional Races and Are Tired of Amateurism.

The L. A. W. is traveling a rough and rocky road at the present time. Its memrship has been on the decline for two or three years past, and last year the number suspended for nonpayment of dues was extremely large. The entire trouble seems to arise in the firm policy of the L. A. W. board in maintaining so-called amateurism in the racing rules of the league. Gradually the best riders are slipping Away from what Bearings very appropriately calls shamateurism and joining the ranks of the professionals; but to do this they must go to Europe, where such hide-bound rules do

Zimmerman, Wheeler and Banker have had such success in France that others, who are now classed as amateurs, are turning longing eyes in that direction, but dislike to take the decisive step because it would bar them from every track in this would bar them from every track in this country. Sanger has boldly declared against the L. A. W. rules and for cash prizes, but has not yet taken any step which would bar him from the L. A. W. tracks. Cabanne, who did some good work in the meet here last summer, is thinking seriously of renouncing amateurism and coming out in his true light of a professional racer. Johnson has had some serious thoughts on the subject. At least a half a dozen fast men are simply waiting for a break to the professional ranks, and will then follow the lead. Sanger is looked upon as the man who will make the break which will carry with it some of the fastest

upon as the man who will make the break which will carry with it some of the fastest riders of the L. A. W. amateur racers.

According to an ex-official of the League of American Wheelmen residing in Chicago the league is now verging on to destruction. He states that for the last few years interest in the organization has been waning, and that unless the new president of the league, Mr. Willison, proves a veritable Moses, and can lead the degenerated into the light, there is no hope for it. This gentleman says in the Chicago Evening Post: "The chief trouble in the league is this: It purports to be a great wheelmen's organization with a number of high-sounding purposes. It claims to stand for the rights of every cyclist, to advance the cause of good poses. It claims to stand for the rights of every cyclist, to advance the cause of good roads and other vague and general matters. Quite incidentally it supervises racing. Now, the fact of the matter is that its supervision of racing is the only possible excuse the L. A. W. has for being alive at all. If it were not for the fact that young fellows like Zimmerman and Johnson get together now and then you would never hear the name of the league mentioned. As a supervisor of racing the league is all right; but what I can't understand is why big salaries should be paid to men who have nothing whatever to do with the government of racing, and why an organization like the league should exist at all for that purpose. The force of these facts is coming home with emphasis to thousands of men who have been paying dues yearly to the league and who take no interest whatever in racing matters. They are asking themselves what possible good the league can do them, and are replying to their own question 'None.' olving to their own And they are going out by the thousand In a year or two the membership of the league will be reduced to the number of its members who take active interest in racing, and having reached that equilibrium there it will stay."

William L. Sachtleben, who has girded the globe on his cycle, sailed March 2 from New York on the steamer La Champagne. bound for Armenia by way of Paris. The object of this trip is to aid in the search for Frank G. Lenz, who was last heard of in Armenia while attempting to circle the globe on his wheel. At present there are two searchers looking for the missing wheelman, missionaries in the employ of the American Board of Foreign Missions and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. Sachtleben will take personal charge of the searching party, as he is to some extent acquainted in that country, and he will attempt to interest the international commission which recently commenced investigating the alleged Armenian

outrages.

Frank G. Lenz started on his trip around the world June 4, 1891, being the first man to undertake to go around the world from east to west. He started from the City Hall in New York and traveled by way of Canada to Minneapolis, and thence following the track of the Northern Pacific to Spokane Falls. From there he went to San Francisco, which place he reached Oct. 29, 1892. He crossed the Pacific, and by Christmas he was on the border of China. Lenz passed through northern China, a feat which no other traveler had ever performed, and thence to Burmah. Then he wheeled and thence to Burmah. Then he wheele and thence to Burmah. Then he wheeled through India and Persia to Turkey. He was last heard of near the borders of Persia, at Tabriz. The theory that Lenz is now living in bondage in the hands of some half savage tribe is the one most believed by his friends, and this is the cause of the prolonged search. However, it may be possible that the young man met his death in some mountain pass or in trying to ford one of the dangerous streams. During the one of the dangerous streams. During the winter months the country where Lenz is supposed to have been lost is entirely im-passable, and little will be accomplished by the searching party until next summer.

The latest thing among bicycle riders is the talk of organizing a ladies' cycling club. Now that the young men have placed a new club on a firm foundation, the ladies are wondering why they cannot also have one. Such a thing would not be new. Every large city, and a number of smaller ones, have one or more ladies' clubs devoted to bicycle riders. Now that the interest in the sport is being awakened to a great extent among the ladies by the new riding school, and the society women are predicting the extensive use of bloomers, with good prospects for knickerbockers in the part future the service ladies are well. with good prospects for knickerbockers in the near future, the same ladies are wondering why a club could not be organized and successfully conducted. There are several hundred lady riders in the city, and among them is a large number with liberal ideas. Some of these have been talking in a quiet way among their friends, and the young men are looking forward to the time when their club will have a rival organized by the other sex.

Thomas W. Winder, a newspaper man, of Warsaw, Ind., started from New Orleans last Monday on a trip through the United States on his wheel. The trip is on a wager and to establish a record. The distance he is to travel is estimated by way of circuitous roads at 21,600 miles, to be covered in three hundred consecutive days, which is an average of seventy-two miles a day. He will cross thirty-three States and Territories, 229 counties, visiting 2,284 cities, towns and villages, and registering at seventy-six places en route. The registering and checking will be in charge of the L. A. W. Winder is also expected to earn his expenses while out, which he will probably do he while out, which he will probably do by newspaper correspondence.

The Century Road Club has complete control of the road racing this season, and has adopted a new set of rules. No records under five miles will receive any recognition in the future and no distinction will be made between paced and unpaced miles and competitive and noncompetitive records, the desire being to place on record the fastest time for a given distance. Only records made according to the Century rules will be recognized. To become a member of the Century Road Club a necessary qualification is that a rider shall cover one hundred miles in sixteen hours.

July 8 to 13 has been selected for the holding of the annual L. A. W. meet at Asbury Park. A meeting was held last Friday by the committee on arrangements for the meet to perfect the details of the pro-gramme. Asbury Park clubs are being or-ganized throughout the country for the pur-pose of attending the meet in a body.

Recently in Louisville, at the funeral of a popular member of the Keating Club, the onorary pallbearers rode by the side of the hearse on their wheels. At the gates of the cemetery, owing to the strict rules, they were compelled to dismount and leave their wheels outside the gates while they attend-ed the burial rites of their comrade.

Ziegler, the Californian, who won considerable distinction last year, will go East this season and compete in all the L. A. W. National Circuit races. He says that when the season is over he intends to turn professional and challenge Zimmerman. He has an idea that he can outspeed him.

A 1,625-foot track in a building is one of the new features in cycle affairs in Paris. It is a spiral, and runs from the first to the third floor on a gentle incline or about three-quarters of an inch to the yard. It is twenty-four feet wide and is divided into two parts—one for going up and one for going down.

Cycling Notes. Milwaukee has mounted her telegraph mes-A bicycle corps has been formed in the Seventh Regiment of New York. There is a club of wheelmen in Scotland called the Glasgow East End Married Men's Cycling Club. Brussels intends giving a race this season on a new track, the first prize for which

A ladies' riding school has recently been opened in Cincinnati, and is attended by the best women of the city. There is a report that a tandem pair were recently fined in Holland because only one lantern was carried on the machine. Mary Sargent Hopkins has just issued the first number of Wheelwoman, a paper devoted to the interests of lady riders. John D. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company, is an enthusiastic cycler, and has presented a number of his friends with costly wheels.

It is proposed to build a track at Manhatton Beach this spring. The site is just back of the Manhatton Beach Hotel, where a third-of-a-mile track will be constructed. Sanger is confined to his bed in Milwau-kee with a severe attack of typhoid fever. His friends fear that it may result in keep-ing him off the track during the coming

The courts of France have recently de-cided that railroad companies, in spite of the clause in their receipts to the contrary, are liable for any damage to a bicycle while in transit in a baggage car.

There was a heavy falling off of membership in the L. A. W. last year, owing to the fallure of many to renew. In New York the loss was 2,337, in Massachusetts 2,292, in Pennsylvania 2,157, in Ohio 1,975, in Illinois 1,329 and in Connecticut 1,064.

The annual championship races of the National Cyclers' Union of England will be held at Herne Hill July 29. Several prominent Class A riders of this country are intending to go to Europe and measure their speed against the British flyers.

There is considerable speculation in regard to the appointment of an official referee by Chairman Gideon. It is getting rather late in the season, and the racing men are waiting with anxious expectancy for the announcement of the referee's name. A bill was recently defeated in the Illinois Legislature which shows the attitude of the farmers of that State toward bicycle riders. The bill provided that the people of any county might, by an election, order permanent roads made, but it was defeated by the agricultural element in the Legislature.

STORIES FROM THE STREETS.

During a spirited American play the gallery of the Park Theater is a hotbed of enthusiasm and patriotism. The appearance of the American flag on the stage, or the triumph of an American hero over a foreign villain, is the signal for tremendous cheers, which often break the rules of the house by giving vent to shrill whistles and stamping of feet. In one play recently produced an American was entrapped in a plot by which it was expected to take his life. He was a stranger in a strange country. A squad of foreign soldiers stood with aimed guns ready to fire the fatal shot, for the American had been adjudged guilty of being a spy. Just before the captain was to give the fatal command the American pulled a small American flag from his bosom, and, waving it above his head, shouted: "Shoot if you dare."

The result was startling. Every gun was lowered and amid the wildest confusion in the gallery, the curtain went down. Last the gallery, the curtain went down. Last week a carnival of navies was represented in a play whose plot was laid in a South American country. All nations were represented but the united States. About the time the festivities were to begin the American commander came marching in, preceded by a squad of marines, the leader bearing the stars and stripes. The orchestra played the "Star-spangled Banner" and the whole house shook with the cheers of the audience, led by the gallery.

"There is more patriotism down here than any place else in town," remarked a spectator at an American play, "and to witness one of these plays shows that there is a great deal of respect for the flag and a lot of reverence for the country among the people."

For two hours one night the past week two reporters stood on the steps in the courthouse basement waiting for the members of a Council committee to finish their deliberations. While they waited an old man came staggering down the steps from the floor where the county offices are located. The old man came very slowly, as if each step caused him pain. Reaching the bottom, he leaned on a post and in an idiotic manner remarked:

"I'm an awful sick man." The two reporters were at once concerned and began to ask the old man questions. He replied by repeating a lot of stuff about himself, a man named Flattery and a Scotchman, all three of whom, it seemed, had had a fight. It was impossible to understand all that was said. The thread of the old man's story was broken by the following, which was said loud enough to be heard: "Wish I had a drink."

No attention was paid to the wish and he man continued his tale of woe, which was judged to be a tale of woe only by the tone in which it was delivered. The man's story was suddenly stopped when he placed his hand to his heart and fell to the iron steps.
"I am dying," he muttered. The reporters were unable to tell whether he was in earnest, so they stood and awit-

'Send for the patrol wagon and take me to the poor form, where I can die," continued the man as he looked up pitifully. Evidently thinking that the sympathy which he aroused was not sufficient, the man fell back, and taking one wrist in the other, said in a stage whisper:

"My pulse is stopping. Get me a drink of whisky right away."

One of the reporters was convinced that

of whisky right away."
One of the reporters was convinced that the man was shamming, but the other was on the point of running for a doctor.
"You can't work that old trick here," said the first reporter, addressing the man. The latter looked at the two reporters in a disgusted manner. He raised himself by aid of the railing, cast one contemptuous glance at the two young men who had spurned his appeal, and, turning to go upstairs, said: "Go to h—l, you aristocrats."

A man, his wife and four children, were attendants upon the floor of the Senate one night last week. At the door they called for "their Senator," and that dignitary obtained their entrance. "Their Senator" felt it his duty to entertain the family for a time, for he did not know but what the man was one of his constituents who possessed influence. "Their Senator" sat down in a chair near the settee upon which the family sat. He asked about the health of the children and endeavored to put the family at ease.

"This has been a very busy session," remarked "their Senator," and the farmer replied that he thought as much.

"It has been this way," began the Sena-tor. "We have had a thousand and six things to attend to, but there are a lot of cranks in this body who retard the public business. I have tried to get three bills of interest to the farmer brought up for con-sideration, but they have been held in the 'Seems to me," said the farmer, "that

"We can call them, but that is all the good it does," replied the Senator, and then to divert the conversation he asked:
"How's everything down at the farm?"
"Far as I know, all right," answered the

you could call them from the commit-

"McCarmick is a fine town. Fine country and fine people."

"Maybe, fur all I know, but I don't know nothing about the place."

"I don't mean McCarmick," explained the Senator with a show of embarrassment, "I mean Mc-McCo-"

"Jones will is our town."

Senator with a show of embarrassment, "I mean Mc-McCo-"

"Jonesville is our town."

"Jonesville, Jonesville, that is the name, I don't know how I got the name of Mc-Carmick in my head. Strange, but then I have so many things to see to. But I remember you all right, and I shall never forget what you did for me in the election."

"Their Senator" had to return to his seat on the floor. The family sat for an hour listening to an argument on whether it was the original or amended question before the house. The children soon tired, for even children tire of legislative proceedings, and the family arose to go. "Their Senator" came rushing toward them and with an outstretched hand exclaimed:

"Not going already, are you? I am glad you and your family called. Come up again. Now, Mr. Do— Gee— Ro—"

"Johnson is my name," said the owner of the hame, coming to the Senator's assistance. "Pardon me, Mr. Johnson. I am glad you called, indeed I am."

As the family passed out of the door into the corridor the old man could be hear to say:
"Well, Mary, I think we've got a perty
poor sort of a Senator." And "their Senator" had lost one faithful family of sup-

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

THINGS YOU DID NOT KNOW, PER-HAPS, OF LIBRETTIST GILBERT.

The Great Humorist at Home and His Collaboration with Sullivan-Local Drama This Week.

A friend of the Boston Transcript, who is well informed on London dramatic events, and especially chatty about Sir Arthur Sullivan's quondam partner in the comic opera business, has sent over an eni tertaining and valuable letter about the great humorist Gilbert, which follows:

Gilbert, the dramatic author and librettist, is a big, athletic man, and, what is unusual in a large framed person, quick in his movements, rapid in speech, sudden in ideas and hasty in temper. He is a nineteenth century example of the human electric machine, which is apparently co-equal in age with the telephone, the incandescent light, and the electric train, which is run by an engine many miles away from it. When Gilbert says good-bye there is no lingering; he gets out of the room with such dispatch that he reminds one of the magician's "vanishing lady." In going upstairs he is not satisfied with taking two steps at a time, but generally takes three. When he picks up anything the action resembles sleight-of-hand. An accident or an incident happens half a mile away and he is sure to see it; in fact, nothing, far or near, escapes his alert detective eyesight. He smokes his cigar like a steam engine, puffing at full speed. He can eat his dinner in fifteen minutes and will walk a mile while you are putting on your overcoat. He is a peaceable man ordinarily, but if you are eager for opposition, or want more worlds to conquer, attack him, and it is likely you will be kept active for the time being. In other words, it may as well be allowed that he is something of a testy wit. He has for thirty years knocked about the world, first being educated for the army during the Crimea, in which his parents, believing that the war would last some time longer, hoped he would win glory as an officer, but by the time his military education was completed the war was flagging, and soon after drew to an end. He served sixteen years in the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders (a militia regiment.) During this later period he also studied and practiced law. But his own account of his legal life is most amusing, for, although he was in earnest, and was admitted to the bar, laboring diligently, a series of ri-diculous incidents seemed to pursue him through the better part of his career as a

Gilbert became a yachtsman, a home farmer, a cattle fancier, a sportsman of the hunting field, an amateur actor and a ballad writer, as well as an author of plays and librettos. Mr. Gilbert has a parrot, as remarkable a bird as was ever blessed with a coat of fantastic feathers. This parrot is a sailor, a genuine old sea dog-not a common sailor, but a true British tar, with not an "h" to his name. When Mr. Gilbert is writing his parrot snuggles up un-der the lapel of his coat. If you run in on him by chance and Gilbert gets up to greet you, at that moment the parrot looks out from under his coat and roars out in a pro-digious, husky, bass voice, "Ip, 'ip, 'oorah." For twenty years one or more of Gilbert's plays or operas were perpetually on the stage of London, nor was the spell broken until about two years ago, soon after the severance of the partnership between him and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has returned to England—unfortunately not so much benefited by his trip as he had hoped—is writing some new songs for "The Chieftain," which has been doing most excellent business, in spite of the recent bad weather and regrettable illness of D'Oyley Carte. Sir Arthur is also planning and working on the new opera for the Savoy, which, while not needed for some time to come, will doubtless be put in rehearsal before the

Gilbert gives a droll account of his first meeting with Sullivan. It was during a rehearsal of one of his own pieces entitled "Ages Ago." At that time he was engaged upon "The Palace of Truth." One of the characters-Zoram-is a musical impostor. Gilbert, by the way, is unable to whistle an air in tune. In telling the story himself, he said: "I was obliged to make Zoram express his musical ideas in technical language, so I took up my Encyclopedia Britannica, and, turning to the word 'harmony,' selected a sentence and changed it into sounding blank verse. Curious to know whether this would pass muster with a musician, I said to Sullivan (who happened to be present at the rehearsal), 'I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Sullivan, because you will be able to settle a question which has just arisen between Mr. Clay and myself. My question is whether when a musician who question is whether, when a musician who is master of many instruments has a musical theme to express, it is as perfect upon the simple tetrachord of Mercury, in which there are, as we all know, no diatonic intervals whatever, as upon the more elaborate disdiapason, with the familiar chords and the redundant note, which I need not remind you embrace all the sin-gle, double and inverted chords.' Sullivan gle, double and inverted chords.' Sullivan reflected for a moment, then asked me to oblige him by repeating my question. I did so, and he replied that it was a very nice point, and he would like to think it over before giving a definite answer. That took place about twenty years ago, and I be-lieve he is still engaged in hammering it

a desk, but sits in a long leather chair, props his feet up on a stool, and writes on works is very great, ranging from "Pyg-malion" to "Ruddigore." He used to spend most of his time at his house in Kensington, but the last few years he has lived mostly at Graemes Dyke-his country house, which is near Harrow, and about nine miles out of London. The place is an old one, but the royal academician, Mr. Goodall, rebuilt the house some years before Mr. Gilbert bought it. It stands on a terrace, and is a large, rambling structure, built from designs by Mr. Norman Shaw, R. A. From every point of view it is a fine piece of architecture, with some fifteen or sixteen graceful gables, and a number of handsome Elizabethan winodws, set in huge stone frames. The Dyke, which is spanned by several ancient arched bridges, has flowed through the rushes and tall watergrass for through the rushes and tall watergrass for two thousand years, having been cut by the Romans. A massive stone wall runs along one margin of the Dyke, and is reflected in its waters. The house overlooks this wall and the Dyke beyond it. It is surrounded by a hundred and ten acres. This land is laid out in a park that is full of picturesque corners and pools of water, small forests and romantic nooks. From one point can be seen the fine old chapel and buildings of Eton College, and beyond, Windsor Castle, rearing its ancient battlements high into the sky. The space between spreads out in many colored fields. cut up in squares and triangles by green hedges, giving the prospect a resemblance to a New England patchwork quilt.

The following question was asked Mr. Gilbert a few months ago: "How is it, Mr. Gilbert, that you have been so universally successful for so many years? but one pauses in asking this question, because an author might naturally think, 'I succeed because my plays and librettos are clever.' yet not care to say so himself." This is Mr. Gilbert's answer: "A reply in my case to what you ask need by no means make one appear conceited. On the contrary, I am not ambitious to write up to epicurean tastes, but contented to write down to everybody's comprehension. For instance, when I am writing I imagine it is entirely for one particularly dull individual not quick to grasp an idea; so I make nothing long and explanatory, but short, sharp and clear. If I can carry my point through a dullish head there will certainly be no difficulty in making it clear to a clever one. My idea is that what is said on the stage should have immediate effect, not requiring long reflection to be understood. It would be a pity for an author if an auditor did not see the points of his play and began to laugh at the fun next day. While such a performance was going on, many in the audience would be perplexed, instead of enjoying themselves. I believe my plays have become popular because everybody can understand them. To perplex an auditor is to irritate him. It is well for your great man of genius to labor for fame, but he has his disadvantages. It seems, from some points of view, the comfort of being understood at the moment is as pleasant, or more so, than being neglected during one's life and winning honors and recognition a few hundred years after you are dead." Gilbert says that the average audiences of to-day have loss taste for really fine things, which be when I am writing I imagine it is entirely

describes as high living, and care more for beefsteak-and-onion plays. Except "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Gretchen," "Broken Hearts" and a few more, Gilbert confesses all his other plays are of the beefsteak-and-onion order, and that is what, in his belief, made "Pinafore" and all his comic librettos so popular. These are the dishes for which the public has been willing to pay so much that Mr. Gilbert is now a man of large fortune. Gilbert's idea of the Deity is very original, not to say amusing. According to his belief, our Maker regards us as puppets. He pulls one string and we laugh, another and we dance, still one more and we weep. It all means very little, but it serves to amuse the great Creator.

A few years ago Gilbert and Sullivan quarreled, but during the spring of 1894 the rent was patched up, and a new comic opera was begun between them. But some ill wind has interrupted the harmony that existed, for a few days ago Gilbert produced his new work entitled "His Excellency," with music by F. Asmond Carr, and Sir Arthur Sullivan produced his opera entitled "The Chieftain," with words by F. C. Burnand. It now decidely looks as if the most popular author of light librettoes and the most popular composer of light music of our time will never pull together again. They would be welcomed heartily, no doubt, if they could call a truce, if only for eight months—it takes them about this length of time to begin and finish one of their works—and together complete one more of their comic operas. Mr. Gilbert has recently suffered severely from gout, and gout is no smoother of the temper. Sir Arthur Sullivan has not been a well man for some years. These two deplorable facts explain much. An occasional attack of gout and undermined health are not the lively parents of a breezy, joyous, rollicking opera.

Gilbert always has a ready answer. A few summers ago Gilbert and a few friends were rowing on the Thames, near Crookham. As they paddled along with the current some one in the boat said: "Look! what a pretty bijou residence!" "Yes," said Gilbert, "and here comes the she-Jew over there under the trees."

Gilbert's last book of words, "His Excellency," has evidently not been a great success, but it is whispered that his next book, which is to appear before the spring, will "astonish the natives" (of London) even more than "Pinafore" did. with music by F. Asmond Carr, and Sir

THE WEEK'S PLAY BILLS.

Bartholomew's Wonderfully Trained Horses at English's Till Thursday. The power which the educated mind can exercise over the brute creation, as well as the degree to which the latter can be trained and educated, will be illustrated the first half of this week, at English's Opera House, by "Bartholomew's Equine Paradox." His twenty-four handsome horses give a performance in four acts, and the number of feats which they perform is remarkable. The horse, which is naturally an intelligent beast, seems to have been educated by him until it is endowed with almost human perceptions. The only requisite Bartholomew's horses lack is the power of speech. They are capable of doing almost anything, and understand every word of command, and go through their several parts with willingness and apparent enjoyment. The exhibition has been greatly improved since its last appearance here years ago, and several novel mechanical effects, fine trappings and appropriate scenery have been added, which lend an additional charm to the entertainment. The animals show the greatest proficiency in playing a tune to the entertainment. The animals show the greatest proficiency in playing a tune with bells and in performing a military drill and battle. No other horses have ever been taught to drill in this manner. The drill is something so near human intelligence that it seems hard to dispossess yourself of the idea that the animals are not sentient beings, the discipline is so perfect. They go through the intricate evolutions, form in two lines, move off in platoons and divisions of four, wheel to the right and left, form a hollow square, march in company front, about face, present and shoulder arms, and generally conduct themselves as regulars. All this is accomplished by the worl of command (not by signs), by Prof. George Bartholomew, and is only one of the many features of this exhibition. Messrs. Dickson & Talbott have invited the orphan children in the various homes here to attend the Wednesday matinee, and seats have been reserved for the little ones, who will been reserved for the little ones, who will enjoy the treat immensely.

Rose Coghlan Thursday at the Grand. Miss Rose Coghlan, accompanied by her great company of players, will appear at the Grand Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, presenting a repertory of three plays, "The Modern Duchess," "Diplomacy" and "A Woman of No Importance," and they will be seen in the order named. There will be a Saturday matinee, on which occasion the new comedy drama, "The Modern Duchess," the latest addition to Miss Coghlan's repertory, will be played. "A Woman of No Importance," by Oscar Wilde, will also be seen here for the first

"The Modern Duchess" deals with a subject which has within the last few years been brought prominently before the English aristocracy—that of the increasing number of undesirable marriages in the shape of the introduction into aristocratic families of footlight favorites, and women who are referred to in the so-called society papers as "Ladies with a past." The piece contains many strong situations and ele-ments of novelty in its construction. It has a vein of comedy, which throws up in strong relief the more serious characters. Miss Coghlan will be seen as the wife of the younger son of a duke, and, therefore, prospectively, a duchess. Her early days have been passed at the Gayety Theater, so the character of the part may be easily sur-

mised.

The company is particularly strong. John T. Sullivan has a heavy part, that of the younger son, whose mesalliance introduces into the aristocratic family a woman whose antecedents are as notorious as they are undesirable. Henry Jewett will be remembered as appearing here with Julia Marlowe last season, when he created a highly favorable impression. He has the part of a Scotch duke, in which his forceful and earnest work will be seen to great advantage. Courtenay Thorpe, identified with the pieces presented by the late Rosina Vokes, has allotted to him a character part, that of the typical man-about-town of the Lonof the typical man-about-town of the London of to-day, which gives him ample opportunity to display his well-known talents. Another favorite will be seen in Charles Coote, who will portray the English comedian as he appears to-day, and the manner in which he enjoys himself when visiting the houses of the aristograpy. Brenton Thorne houses of the aristocracy. Brenton Thorpe has a character part, that of one of the dis-agreeable elements of modern English soclety, a young nouveau riche, whose one object in life is to get into society. Miss Coghlan's support as regards the women also promises a fine performance. Miss Hattie Russell will play the part of the old duchess; Miss Beatrice Moreland will the old duchess; Miss Beatrice Moreland will be seen as a young American girl paying a visit to an English country house, and a newcomer in the person of Miss Lotta Lynne, who has made a highly favorable impression in the onerous part of Dora, in Sardou's "Diplomacy," will represent the duke's favorite daughter. A typical old woman of the unmistakable English type, vulgarly known as cockney, and who is in reality the mother of the erstwhile Gayety girl, will be represented by Mrs. Fanny Denham Rouse, who has been identified for many years with this line of characters.

From this slight sketch of the leading characters in "The Modern Duchess" it will be seen that Miss Coghlan has enlisted the services of a number of competent artists to assist her in providing an entertainment that will not only display her own exceptional talents as a star, but presents an ensemble of more than ordinary strength. The semble of more than ordinary strength. The play is spoken of as being handsomely costumed, two of Miss Coghlan's gowns having been imported from Paris especially for this play. "The Modern Duchess" made a hit in St. Louis, where it was produced last

been imported from Paris especially for this play. "The Modern Duchess" made a hit in St. Louis, where it was produced last Monday.

"Diplomacy" needs no introduction here. It was played here by Miss Coghlan last season to large audiences, and is one of the strongest plays ever written by Sardou.

Another play new to this public is "A Woman of No Importance." by that erratic and gifted writer, Oscar Wilde. What Ibsen, Maeterlink and Hauptman endeavored to paint in a naked realism will be here given, but clothed in profuse draperies of brilliant dialogue. The cast is a long one, and Miss Coghlan has the company with her to give a fine interpretation of the play.

Park-"Slaves of Gold" To-Morrow. The Park Theater's offering for the first three days of this week, beginning with tomorrow's matinee, is one of the sensational plays, "Slaves of Gold." The first scene shows a shipping office in Hull, England. The second scene shows the interior of an old country inn. This is a mechanical effect and revolves, showing the superintendent's office and mines in the distance. The ent's office and mines in the distance. The next is a semi-tropical set. As the curtain rises the audience beholds long rows of apple trees in full bloom. The fourth act shows a coal mine: In this act a semi-earthquake and fire effect are introduced, followed by a terrific explosion, showing the bursting of the water tanks, in which the water is shown, rising in full view of the audience. The cast is headed by Elmer Grandin and Eva Mountfort. Associated with these are Frank Tannehill, John Burke, Lizzle Creese, H. Miller, Anna Fields, Gerard Anderson, William Araold,

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Ida Valance and others. Elmer Grandin the actor who created the role of Lincoln in the play of that name first produced at the For the last half of the week the Park has a good vaudeville show. The troupe is the Watson Sisters' Extravaganza and Vaudeville Company.

Frank G. Carpenter's Lectures. It will be well worth one's time, no doubt, to spend a series of evenings with correspondent Frank G. Carpenter, who gives three lectures at Plymouth Church this week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. Carpenter's advent in the lecture field is of recent date, but from his travels and vast newspaper experience, during which he has met the high and mighty of many nations, he should have a wonderful lot of interesting things to say. He illustrates his lectures with stereopticon slides, and is said to take his audience on a veritable pleasure trip through China, Japan and Corea. Mr. Carpenter spent months in Corea just before the revolution. He made trips through the interior of China, and is, perhaps, one of the best posted men on Asiatic matters

in the United States to-day. He has brought back with him a wonderful amount of interesting lecture material. Carpenter has been described as "ugly enough to stop a clock; his laugh a sort of catching cackle; doesn't weigh more than one hundred pounds, and has about as much meat on his bones as William M. Evarts; hair red as Tom Reed's; straight and stiff as Senator Ingalls's, and looks like Artemus Word."

A singular fatality seems to follow the men whom Carpenter interviews. His letters appear weekly in thirty of the largest newspapers of the country, and everything he writes is read in more than two million he writes is read in more than two million families. He has been interviewing public men for the last ten years, and of late nearly every big man he has interviewed has got into trouble shortly after Carpenter's story was published. He went up to see the late President Hayes at Fremont a little more than a year ago, and his copy had just got into the newspaper offices. had just got into the newspaper offices when the ex-President died. He interviewed the late Khedive of Egypt, and the Khedive expressed himself tired of life and sick of his throne. A few weeks after the talk was published he was poisoned. This year Mr. Carpenter has been traveling in Asia. He had a talk with the King of Corea, and his manuscript had hardly got to America before a rebellion broke out, and the King before a rebellion broke out, and the King nearly lost his throne. Carpenter carried his destructive pen to China, and Li Hung Chang, unsuspicious and innocent old man, was inveigled into an interview. He now mourns the loss of his yellow jacket and his peacock feather, and China has been humbled to the dust. The leaders of the world are to be congratulated that Carpenter has for the time turned his attention to lecturing.

to lecturing. Notes of the Stage. It is considered that no actress on the stage to-day has a sweeter, clearer voice than Marie Wainwright. During her engagement here next month, Lillian Russell will produce "The Grand Duchess" and "La Perichole." The Hollands, E. M. and Joseph, intend starring next season in a comedy to be written for them by Stanilaus Stange. Beerbohm Tree produced Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" for the first time in this country in Chicago Friday night. "A Baggage Check" has been secured for a return engagement next month at the Park. It made a great hit here last week. Cissy Fitzgerald, the Gaiety Girl dancing in "The Foundling," now owns a brougham. Last summer she was earning ten pounds a Robert Downing is coming to the Grand shortly in "The Gladiator," "David Gar-rick," "A French Marriage" and "Ingo-

Indianapolis liked "Shore Acres" so well that Mr. Hearne has decided to come back next month for a return engagement on his way to New York from the West. Ben Harney, the sculptor, has completed his bust of the late Manager John W. Nor-ton. It will be purchased by the Elks and placed in the St. Louis Grand Opera House. Julia Marlowe appeared as Lady Teasle in "The School for Scandal" at Philadel-phia, on Monday, and the critics did not better have a care. The score and libretto of "Princess Nico-tine," by William Furst, Charles Alfred Byrne and Lewis Harrison, have been ex-pressed to San Francisco, where the opera

London is about to enjoy a really extraordinary theatrical show. A company of Chinese actors, recruited in Canton, are about to appear in a play called "The Green Dragon," written by Michael Carre. The story that Effie Shannon refused to play a scene in the new play of "Gossip," which Mrs. Langtry will produce, and in which Effie had to be embraced by Eben Plympton, has rather a fishy sound. Thirty-five young men of Philadelphia, each bearing the name of Fitzgerald, have formed a club, and went up to New York Friday night to see Miss Cissy Fitzgerald dance in "The Foundling" at Hoyt's The-

is to be staged at the Tivoli.

Miss Minnie Landes has been engaged to take the place of Miss Eleanor Mayo as the prima donna in "Princess Bonnie." Miss Mayo will leave the company to prepare for her marriage to Mr. James Elverson, jr., of Philadelphia, which is announced to take place next month. W. H. MacDonald has developed a light comedy vein as Louis Biron the vagabond poet and adventurer in "Prince Ananias," which is surprising to those who have followed Mr. MacDonald's stage career. The popular baritone's stage demeanor has never been so frivolous that the public ever suspected he would turn comedian.

3 NIGHTS, SAT. MAT. GRAND--BEGINNING-THURSDAY, MARCH 14.

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Under the direction of PENRY J. LESLIE. Thursday Evening and Sat. Mat., the New and Successful Comedy Drama by Charles J. Bell (first time here) "THE MODERN DUCHESS." Friday Evening, Sardou's Great Play, "DIPLOMACY."

Saturday Evening, Oscar Wilde's London Society Comedy (first time here), "A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE." THE PLAYERS: John T. Sullivan, Henry Jewett, Courtenay Thorpe, Charles Coate, Brenton Thorpe Franklyn Roberts, Edwin James, Stewart Melville, William Godfrey, Hattie Russell, Beatrice Moreland, Fanny Denham Rouse, Lotta Lynne, Gertrude Elemere, Mina Jerome.

PRICES: Night—Grehestra and side boxes, \$1; dress circle, 75c; balcony, 50c; gallery, 25c. Matinee—All lower floor, 50c; balcony, 25c. ADVANCE SALE OPENS TO MORROW MORNING.

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Frank G. Carpenter's Illustrated Talks. Live Pictures by a Live Mas. Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, one of the best-known newspaper correspondents of the United States, will deliver three of his illustrated lectures, at PLY-MOUTH CHURCH. Tuesday, March 12, JAPAN. Wednesday, March 13, CHINA. Friday, March 15, KOREA. Course Tickets, including reserve seats, \$1; single admissions, including reserve seats, 50c. On sale at D. H. Baidwin's Music Store, Friday morning, March 8.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH SATURDAY AFTERNOON, March 16, 4 o clock, ORGAN RECITAL

See programme elsewhere. CURES CONSTIPATION 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOLIO CLUB. for Seibl in 'Faust.' I was supposed to sing in Italian, out I invented a new lan-

sing in Italian, but I invented a new language for the occasion which no one—including myself—could understand. But I was not discharged."

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, the Chicago pianist who has been enjoying so much success in Germany, has announced to appear in the United States soon. Another American artist, Laura Burnham, is shortly to make her London debut under the auspices of Japaiel Mayor spices of Daniel Mayer.

Clarence E. Fleming is to tour John Hare, the London actor-manager, through the United States the coming season. Mr. Fleming directed the tour of the late Rosina Vokes during the nine seasons she appeared here, and is now personal revresentative of Beerbohm Tree in this country. UNDER A WHITE UMBRELLA seats 75c.

Vokes during the nine seasons she appeared here, and is now personal revresentative of Beerbohm Tree in this country.

Joe Howard says: "I heard Adelina Patti in Brooklyn in 1849 or '50, when she was accompanied by her brother, Carlo, on the violin, and I have before me a programme of the date Nov. II, 1852, when, under the management of Maurice Strakosch, she sang in concert with Ole Bull, the great viellinist. This programme includes a grand fantasia by Strakosch: Kate Hayes's charming song, "Happy Birdlings of the Forest," by Adelina Patti; "The Mother's Prayer," by Ole Bull, a rondo from "La Somnambula," by Patti, and Paganin's famous "Witch Dance," by Ole Bull, with other numbers in addition. Cold facts knock these reminiscent anglers into a cocked hat. Patti must be credited with forty-five years' first-class public service.

Kyrle Bellew's performance of Marat in "Charlotte Corday" has evoked such a chorus of surprise that he should be capable of such brilliant character work—work which the critics have placed on an equality with Irving's Louis XI and "The Bells"—that it is interesting to note how this actor's career has been forgotten. As far back as 1850 we find him giving "a grandiy intellectual and poetical performance of Hamlet." In "The Merchant of Venice" as Shylock one paper quotes Keane's words and says: "The pit fairly rose at him." As Romeo he is declared by the greatest English critic to be the "finest of this centruy." London was crazy over his Orlando, which Irving said was perfect. As Ruy Blas, the Corsican Brothers, Charles Surface, Young Marlowe, Sir George Airy, he has been proclaimed as "standing alone" by the leaders of the London press. In character work Bellew as far back as 1878 made the hit of the piece as the original Belvanney in W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged" and as the King in "Clancarty." Why, then, the surprise that Mr. Bellew should be able to play Marat? The plain fact is that Mr. Bellew, when he first came to Wallack's (now Palmer's) Thester in New York, instead of being put b

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